

THE NUR AF SEAN

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

VOL. XI

LUDHIANA:—October 11th, 1907.

No. 41

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, October 2.

The papers give prominence to Mr. Keir Hardie's tour.

The *Daily News* says that it is reasonable to suppose that the reports are exaggerated and hopes that the Labour Party will take steps to ascertain the truth for it cannot afford to be associated with reckless playing with fire.

The *Daily Mail* gives a list of prominent Indian punished by Mr. Morley and asks what Mr. Morley will do to Mr. Keir Hardie.

The *Standard* says that this mischief making demagogue should be plainly told that his presence in India is undesirable.

The *Times* says:—Mr. Keir Hardie has conclusively proved that our estimate of his criminal ignorance and recklessness is only too just, and the only excuse unchangeable is that Mr. Hardie perhaps does not realise himself the nature of the mischief he is doing.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that Mr. Keir Hardie may not realise that he is brandishing a torch but the danger must be instantly ended.

A telegram from Ottawa states that the Dominion Government has decided to pay Japanese claims amounting to six thousand dollars in connection with the Vancouver riots for which the municipality of Vancouver is held liable.

London, October 3.

The headquarters of the Independent Labour party informs the *Daily News* that the views on the Indian situation ascribed to Mr. Keir Hardie are not those of the party and thinks that a mistake has occurred.

President Roosevelt speaking at Cairo, Illinois, in advocating an increase of the Navy declared that the policy of peace with insult was as bad for a nation as for an individual. He hoped that hereafter the policy of keeping the battleship fleet alternately in the Pacific and the Atlantic would be steadily followed.

Mr. Taft has left Tokio after a farewell banquet given by the Emperor. He had an official send off at the station.

In connection with the appeal for the fund of a quarter of a million on behalf of Oxford University Lord Curzon states that £56,700 has been subscribed.

Summarizing the more pressing needs of the University Lord Curzon suggests professorships in the French, German, Russian and Japanese languages and the establishment of new chemical, scientific and engineering departments.

London, October 4.

Sir Arthur Nicolson, Ambassador in St. Petersburg, has been given the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath in recognition of his services in connection with the Anglo Russian Convention.

Reuter telegraphs from Tokio that Ministers, Generals, Admirals and the Russian Ambassador attended the celebration of the Russo-Japanese entente which M. Shibasawa welcomed as the foundation of ultimate world peace.

M. Bakmetieff, the Russian Ambassador, said the peace in the Far East was now established on a firm basis.

Letters from Kaid Sir Harry Maclean have been received at

Tangier. He has been much better treated latterly, but nothing is known as to his prospects of release.

Two envoys from Mulai Hafid to King Edward have arrived at Gibraltar from Saffi.

A telegram from Teheran states that Met Ala-es-Sultaneh has been reappointed Minister for Foreign Affairs in palace of Said Ed Dowlah, who has resigned.

At Aldershot the War Office airship covered a twenty mile circular course in an hour and travelled easily in the teeth of a strong wind which was blowing at an estimated rate of fifteen miles an hour.

A telegram from Berlin states that the *Tagblatt* says that the trials of the first German submarine were record breaking. The vessel was driven 700 miles in bad weather without renewing petrol.

London, October 5.

Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji embarks on October 11 on the *Moldavia*. He will rest for a few days at Marseilles and proceed on the Messageries steamer *Ville de La Ciotat*.

A native of Berlin named O to, has acquired 200,000 hectares of land at Kilossa in German East Africa which will be planted with cotton and rubber.

Only Germans will be employed.

Reuter wires from Mazagan that 2,500 fresh volunteer horsemen have joined Mulai Hafid's force at Marrakesh. His followers are now so numerous that he is unable to arm them all.

The new Governor of Mazagan has succeeded in removing a quantity of arms from the Custom House and is sending them to Mulai Hafid.

London, October 6.

A meeting of Socialists in Paris yesterday protested in the strongest possible terms against the Moroccan expedition, which, it declared, was tempting Germany to provoke a European war.

Bajaure, October 5.

There was a sharp shock of earthquake at 140 p. m. from S. S. E. preceded by a rumbling noise. Many people ran out of their houses.

London, October 7.

M. Regnault and General Liantry have arrived at Rabat, but the bar is impassable owing to heavy weather.

A correspondent of the *Morning Post* at Tangier states that Raisuli has reduced his terms for Kaid Sir Harry Maclean's release to British protection for himself and family and a ransom of £30,000.

The British Government is prepared to grant protection and to advance the ransom on the Sultan's guarantee to refund it.

Spain, apparently yielding to public opinion, has joined the French measures to prevent contraband traffic in arms on the Moorish coast to which at first adhesion was refused.

Much friction exists between General Drude and the Spanish commander regarding the policing of the suburbs of Casa Blanca.

The Algeiras Convention entrusted this to Spain but circumstances have arisen requiring General Drude to occupy districts in the interests of pacification. Spain, although not possessing the necessary troops, refuses to recognise the circumstances.



EDITORIAL NOTES.

Not long ago the editor was holding a conversation with an Indian Christian gentleman, when the latter expressed the idea that it was very difficult for earnest people in India to understand why the teachers and preachers of the Christian religion gave so much attention to their own bodily comfort and well being. The opinion expressed was, of course, that of people not themselves Christians. Some one had been describing the preparations for a missionary itineration; and those who were listening exclaimed "What! A religious teacher taking tents and furniture with him! How can he hope to impress any one?"

Now the fact of the matter is that it is just along this line that the greatest difficulties to a mutual understanding lie; and the sources of the difficulty are two. First, there is the misapprehension on the part of the critic, and second, there is the condition that obtains in some quarters which justifies the criticism. Regarding the critic's misapprehension, we may say that it is based on a misunderstanding of Christian doctrine and also of the conditions necessary to the health of those unused to the Indian climate and mode of life. Christianity is world's apart from Hinduism in its teaching regarding the human body, and it is necessary to grasp this point very clearly, otherwise all dependent of reasoning will be confused. Christianity teaches that the body should be the slave of the spirit, but not in any sense to be regarded as its enemy. Even a slave has rights which the master must consider if he is to get satisfactory service from his property. This teaching excludes all such notions as that the enduring of hardship is in itself necessarily a virtue. It becomes a virtue only when its result is an addition to the sum total of the world's well being. Robert Campbell calls attention to the fact that Christianity lays emphasis upon *active service* as over against *passive endurance*. Hence, a true Christian will endeavour to surround himself with the conditions most likely to enable him to render the best service. He will attend to his bodily health because he knows that a sick servant is a useless servant. He will not put his body to unnecessary discomfort, because that will only distract his attention and hinder him from making his best efforts. What these necessary conditions are each one must decide for himself as guided by his God-given powers of judgement.

It is here, however, that we find the place where the critics of Christianity, and also Christians themselves are likely to err. The former in misjudging the latter and the latter in failing to distinguish between necessities and mere comforts. The native of any country is incapable of deciding for a foreigner what constitute for him (the foreigner) the necessities of healthful life. The editor remembers very well the untold misery of his first winter in America after a childhood spent in India. His companions laughed at his shrinking from the cold, and so he tried to live as they

did, discarding his heavy outer coat upon occasions when their more active circulation declared it to be unnecessary, with the easily imagined result of coughs and colds very- ing at last on pneumonia. That which seems to be quite unnecessary to the natives of a country may be for a foreigner an indispensable condition of health. Moreover, for some not altogether explainable reason, it seems to be much more difficult for the body of man to become accustomed to the change from temperate to torrid regions than vice versa. An Indian can in a few years become quite used to the climate of England or America if he lives as the people of those countries do; while not one European or American in a thousand can stand the Indian sun without protection that seems absolutely and foolishly unnecessary to the original inhabitants of these regions. It is the same with other details of life. Not only can one race not dictate to another but not even can individuals venture to interfere in these matters with other individuals. Much harm would be avoided by remembering the old maxim "One man's meat is another man's poison."

But when all has been said in favour of the protection of the body, and the right of each man to say what is necessary to his own health and usefulness, there still remains the fact that many people fail to discriminate between what they need and what they like. The principal of a certain American college used to say that every monthful of food beyond what was needed by the body, every minute of rest or recreation beyond what ministered to the actual usefulness of the physical frame was a sin. If this be true, we fear that there are not a few of us who will be called into judgement. More especially will this be true of those of us by whose example others are caused to stumble. One need not advocate any system of asceticism in order to make Christianity capable of yielding its due impressiveness; but we must not forget that we shame our Master if we allow any love of ease to make others regard His faith as in any way related to slothfulness. Paul's figure of the Christian as an athlete is, after all, as satisfying as any that we can get. Look at the body of the wrestler. Can anything be more symmetrical and beautiful? There is not an ounce of unnecessary flesh, but the muscles play over one another with the freedom of perfect flexibility and the skin has the glow of perfect health.

SHARING

I said it in the mountain path,
I say it on the mountain stairs;
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.

The grass is softer to my tread,
For rest it yields unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild rose red,
Because it makes the whole world sweet.

—Lucy Larcom.

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JOHN WESLEY, THE FOUNDER OF METHODISM.

BY L. S. P.

John Wesley was born on the 17th of June, 1703. He was the second living son, and received the names of John Benjamin after two deceased baby boys who had preceded him. He was the twelfth child in the family. His parents were most godly; his father, Rev. Samuel Wesley, was a clergyman of the Church of England, scholarly, and even a man of genius. He had a very scanty living in Epworth, England, in which place John was born and special economy had to be exercised. John's mother, whose name was Susanna Annesley, before her marriage, was a woman of uncommon intelligence, had a large scope of mind and was thoroughly consecrated. Through all John Wesley's life his mother was the greatest influence from the earth side. There was a special touch upon the life of John Wesley when he was only six years of age. The house in which they lived was set on fire by persecutors, and almost by a miracle, little John, who was left in the house, was saved. This made a special impression on his childish mind, and even to the end of his long life he remembered it, and had written upon his tombstone. "A brand plucked from the burning." From his younger years, and even to the last, John and his brother Charles, five years younger, were comrades.

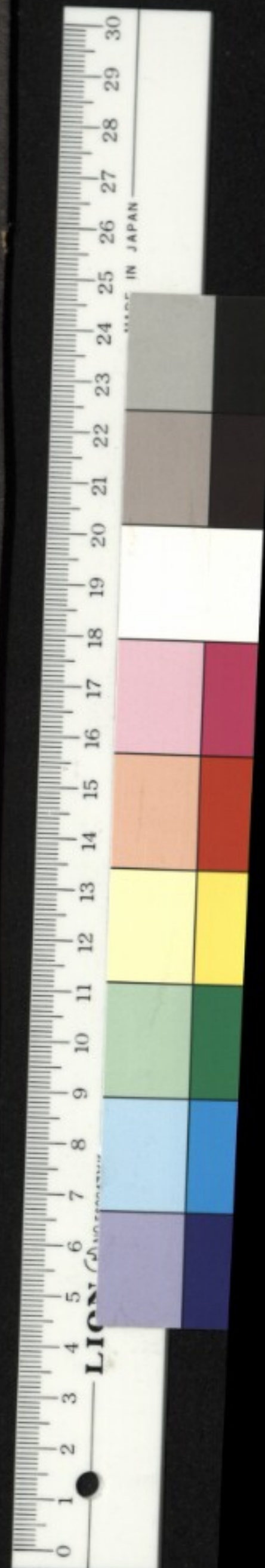
At eleven, having been carefully prepared by his parents, he was sent to the Charter House School in London.

Among both boys and young men, John took a high position as a student. He was famous for his learning in the classics and his logical mind. There was a certain time when he said that he had lost his childish religion amid the dissipation of the Oxford colleges but he never really fell away for he always looked forward to the time when he should take Holy Orders. We see at this juncture of his life that God began a deeper inner working, for his reading was in books on the inner life, both by Dr. Taylor and Thomas a Kempis. He believed in God, but his life was more a life of works, than of faith. In 1725 John Wesley was ordained to the ministry. He helped his father a short time and then was elected Fellow of Lincoln. This was considered quite an honor for it gave him a regular salary, and this he used in helping his own family and other needy ones. He began rigidly to economize and became an ascetic. He said that God had given him a settled resolution, not to be a nominal, but a real, Christian. Among his special friends was William Law, and he with his brother Charles used to walk from Oxford to London, at least once a year, to advise with Mr. Law concerning their Christian life. The state of mind of John Wesley at this time was one of striving to bring the outward to bear with

such force upon his life, that he might mould the inner according to the holiness of God. He began a work among the students in the college and soon had a little following. This band adopted certain rules for holy living, apportioning their time exactly among their various scholarly and religious duties, allowing as little as possible for sleeping and eating, and as much as possible for devotion. This won for them the name of "Methodists," for their life was methodical.

From this time until 1733, his doctrine was being formulated in his mind, and in a sermon preached the first Sunday of that year he propounded in the plainest terms his famous doctrine of Christian perfection. This immediately made him a marked man and the majority of the clergymen at that time had no sympathy with what they called "Fanaticism." He was at this time a teacher at Oxford, and had some influence with his students.

His father died in April, 1735. The little band that he gathered at Oxford under the teaching of Wesley began to be scattered. As they each finished their education they went out to minister in different parts of England, Whitefield being one of them. At this time great interest was manifested in the colonization of Georgia, America, and those interested in this scheme, were anxious, not only for colonization but for Christianization. A proposition was made to Wesley to accompany the next group of emigrants to America. At first he refused on account of his mother, but when she told him that if she had twenty sons she should rejoice that they were all so employed, even though she should see them no more, he consented to go. On Oct., 1735, he embarked for America. He was then thirty-two years of age. His mission here did not seem outwardly successful. There were many disagreeable incidents, the last one having a serious outcome. His only friends were the Moravians. In the month of Dec., 1737, discouraged with his work and with himself, he wrote in his journal:—"I went to America to convert the Indians; but oh, who shall convert me?" His arrival in England was at a most opportune time, for George Whitefield, during Wesley's absence, had far outrun his brethren. His devout behaviour, incessant zeal and ardent preaching had begun to attract large crowds, and thousands flocked to hear him. When Wesley came to London, Whitefield was among the first ones he saw, and becoming much interested in the Georgia colony, he offered himself to go. After his departure John Wesley took up the work that he had left; but instead of being popular, in church after church, in which he preached he was told that he was needed no more. His doctrines were too high and too holy. At this time of what might have been discouragement he met with another Moravian, named Peter Bohler, and this man was used of God to bring him to a knowledge that his salvation was of works and not of faith. After he had become clearly convinced in his own mind of his unbelief, he had scruples



about continuing to preach; but Bohler advised him, "Preach faith till you have it, and then because you have it you will preach faith."

Wesley continued to search the Scriptures along the line of faith and was astonished to find particularly in the Acts that there were scarcely any instances of conversions other than instantaneous. Still he kept on preaching in the different churches, until one evening, he says, "I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate street, where one was reading Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while the preacher was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ—Christ alone for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death."

This was the 24th of May, 1737. Wesley considered this date the time of his conversion. Now he began to preach salvation through faith. After his conversion Wesley was under great temptation. He decided to take journey to the Moravians in Germany, meet Count Zinzendorf, and go to Herrnhut. He was greatly helped in this visit.

John Wesley returned and took up his work in London, and although the churches were opposed to him yet he always worked as a member amongst them. He opened a room where his little society which consisted of thirty-two persons might meet. Whitefield returned from Georgia, and the three friends began the new year of 1739, with a Love-feast; a meal of bread and water eaten in company. This belonged to the Moravian discipline. This year was to be a great crisis in lives and work. Church after church was closed to them, and in the little ones that remained open to them the crowds could not enter; hundreds and thousands were turned away until there seemed to be a growing necessity for some new provision. Whitefield had gone to Bristol, and every church being closed, after special prayer he (Whitefield) went to a hill, some few miles out, and there preached the gospel to as many as twenty thousand people. Wesley had followed him to this place, and as he began to speak there began to be what he called "signs," people fell under the power of God, men and women cried out, a young girl was taken ill, and when Wesley prayed for her, was immediately healed. Another in violent convulsions and also very ill because of her soul's great illness, in answer to Wesley's prayer was raised up. There was opposition, many unkind, hostile and shameful pamphlets were printed about their religion, and even their lives. Bishops threatened them, clergymen disdained them, but all through Wesley's life there has never been noted a time when he seemed to complain of any ill treatment, neither did he retaliate. He seemed to be always above it all and in touch with God. The next trial in Wesley's life was through one of the Moravian ministers, who opposed

greatly his teaching, and especially these "signs." It ended in separation from the Moravians.

On the 12th of May, 1739, the first stone of the first Methodist preaching-house was laid. Wesley did not intend to become personally responsible for any of the finances, but found that he was the one to whom they looked for everything. Some one proposed that every Methodist should contribute a penny a week, and the proposer said that if they would put eleven of the poorest with him, that he would call on them weekly and get their money if they had any; if not would make it up himself. This was the origin of the Methodist's class-money, and the same incident also led to a perfect system of inspection, the class leader taking charge of those under him, and by visiting every member, and meeting once a week, advice or reproof was given. This also was origin of their class-meetings. The next trial was the separation between Wesley and Whitefield. It was entirely along doctrinal lines. Pleadings, tears, and prayers were between them both, yet each being sure of his own position in God, they parted lovingly. All these things were great trials in Wesley's life, perhaps the greatest, for as the next twelve years were spent mostly in evangelistic tours, itinerating and preaching, he was not received in the kindest fashion at all places for he was mobbed, arrested and his followers were beaten; their houses were looted and pillaged, and he himself sustained some injuries from which he never recovered. But all this did not touch him so deeply as these greatest heart-trials.

By 1744, the work had become too great for one man to take. God raised up many earnest men, who began preaching the gospel with Wesley, to this large body of Methodists, so on the 25th of June he called his brother, four clergymen, and four lay-preachers, to confer with him. This was the first Methodist Conference. Many matters of importance were then decided which remain the same to-day.

In October, 1753 Wesley fell ill in London and was threatened with rapid consumption. He made all arrangements for his death even to the inscription on his tombstone, but God raised him up, and in his sixty-third year, he said, "I have no disorder, no weakness, no decay, no difference from what I was at five and twenty only that I have fewer teeth and more grey hairs." He had many helpers and friends, Dr. Thomas Coke was one and Fletcher another. At last there came the final act which severed him outwardly from the Church of England, although he himself would never allow this to be said. The Methodists that had gone to America, needed someone to look after them so three of his trusty ones were chosen to be sent out, and they, wishing to administer the sacraments, asked for an ordination that they might be able to minister fully to their flock. He ordained them as Superintendents and Elders; but this was as his taking the place of a Bishop and forming a new sect. At this his brother Charles withdrew from him, and although he loved

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him to the end, they did not work together any more. In 1788, Charles died. This was a great blow to John, and in 1791, he himself with the hymns of his brother Charles upon his lips, and the words, "God is with us," as a parting message, entered into his rest, and his works surely do follow him.

PRESSED.

BY L. S. P.

Pressed out of measure and pressed to all length;
Pressed so intensely it seems, beyond strength;
Pressed in the body and pressed in the soul;
Pressed in the mind till the dark surges roll.
Pressure by foes, and a pressure from friends.
Pressure on pressure, till life nearly ends.

Pressed into knowing no helper, but God;
Pressed into loving the staff and the rod.
Pressed into liberty where nothing clings;
Pressed into faith for impossible thing.
Pressed into living a life in the Lord,
Pressed into living a Christ-life outpoured.

THE FATE OF THE "PENGWERN."

You must have had some exciting incidents during your seafaring life, Captain Giesege; I wish you would tell me some of them."

"Exciting and curious ones enough," answered the man thus addressed. "I could tell you of folk whose cries for help were louder than the tempest round them, of others who sacrificed their own lives to save those they loved. But only once, sir, have I met a crew who *wouldn't* be saved. We were there with lines and hawsers and life belts, but not one of them would avail themselves of these means of escape."

The keen-faced, bright-eyed man who had braved untold danger that wild winter night set himself down to talk, and his companion, drawing a tiny notebook out of his pocket, prepared to listen to an account of the wreck of the *Pengwern* on the Scharhoern Reef, near Cuxhaven.

"The work of a tug-master is very varied," commenced Captain Giesege. "But in stormy weather it is mostly salvage. So when we left Hamburg at day-break on the night of January 14th, we kept a sharp look out for any in need of help. First of all we steamed into the Elbe, alongside a full-rigged ship with a cargo of saltpetre from the West Coast of Africa, but we left her in comparatively calm water when we notic-

ed another sailing ship steering head on for the Scharhoern Reef.

"Fully realising the danger the stranger was running, we in the tug *Vulcan* went after her, but before we could reach her she struck the rocks. Breakers, whipped up by a westerly gale, soon threw the stranded vessel on her beam ends. Well, we went as near her as we dared in the raging storm. In fact the *Vulcan's* side actually grazed against the *Pengwern*.

"Jump! jump for your lives, we shouted over and over again, but none would do so. Then we passed hawsers along and got fast to the *Pengwern*. 'Come aboard!' we cried. Only one young fellow—an apprentice—wished to take off his coat and dare the passage. His comrades prevented him. Instead—think of the mad folly of it!—they threw a parcel of clothes on to our deck, and passed a dog wrapped up in blankets along the line. The crew of the *Pengwern*, sir, could have crossed into safety on this hawser, but *they would not be saved*.

"We had to leave them to their fate. For, when we returned with a lifeboat from the second Elbe light-ship, the *Pengwern* was gone, and her entire crew were engulfed in the waves."

"How came the ship to steer a wrong course like that, captain?"

"It will never be known, sir. But, at any rate, they had no river pilot on board, and it was practically impossible for any one else to steer into the mouth of the Elbe in such a terrific gale. Talk of fools, sir, did you ever hear of such foolishness at that?"

I could tell of some who are even more foolish than the skipper and crew of the *Pengwern*! There are many offered the way of salvation who *will not* be saved. They will not trust themselves to the tender love of Christ. They will not cross on the hawser of faith. They will do anything else but accept the plain offer of salvation. They try to steer through the difficulties of life without a pilot, and when disaster comes, they refuse to be saved in God's way.

"What must I do to be saved?" asked the jailor of Philippi. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," came the answer to him, as it does to each of us as we read this story.

LINA ORMAN COOPER.

You may have heard of Isaac Hooper, by no means the least of American philanthropists, whose warm Quaker heart glowed with love to every fellow-creature.

Whether permitting, though much over seventy, yet singularly brisk and hale, Mr Hooper walked daily a couple of miles from his suburban home to and from his city office.

On one exceptionally wet evening he had taken the omnibus, and found himself the only passenger.

Presently a young woman came hurrying towards



the door, but just as she was on the point of stepping in, the guard waved her back.

"Away!" he cried; "don't want any of your sort here!"

With a suddenly saddened face, her eyes fast tear-filling, the poor girl obeyed.

Mr. Hopper grew indignant.

"Why dost thou act thus, my friend?" he asked sternly.

"She's coloured, sir!"

"Then let *me* get out!" he said. "My heavenly Father has made of one blood all nations of men, and I will not travel with you if she is refused."

Buttoning up his overcoat, and opening his big umbrella, that very minute off trudged the Quaker veteran under drenching torrents, and through mud ankle-deep!

Among the treasures of my Jerusalem olive-wood album is a postcard sent me last Christmas from two dear English ladies in New Zealand—personally unknown, but deeply interested in the Children's Special Service Mission—bearing such a very pretty sketch of a Maori hut, coloured natives gathered round. Now, these Christian Maoris are our brothers and sisters! Shall we not, therefore, love them with our whole hearts?

Two years ago our honoured friend, Miss Walker-Arnott, "the modern Tabitha," drew my attention to the beautiful and significant fact that now, upon the traditional site of Peter's lodging, stands a fine light-house, guiding in every dark, tempestuous hour vessels from all parts of the world to Palestine's hallowed shore. Then her trusty Arab porter conducted me to the beach, that I might have a close, full view of it.

Dreamingly sauntering along those soft, golden, brilliantly sunlit sands, what joy it was to picture the heavenly Light that through life's most dangerous storms and billows, so securely, from north, south, east, west, guides believers in Jesus—"out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation"—to the still fairer Canaan, the *one* united, sinless, sorrowless, deathless, eternal Home of His redeemed and His beloved!

CLARA ST. CLAIR.

If making makes us Thine then Thine we are;

And if redemption we are twice Thine own:

If once Thou didst come down from heaven afar

To seek us and find us, how not save?

Comfort us, save us, leave us not alone,

Thou who didst die our death and fill our grave.

—Christian Rossetti: *Later Life*, III.

"STOP, GABRIEL!"

George Whitefield had been giving a magnificent gospel address. Towards the end, pausing solemnly a moment, he concluded: "Now, my friends, the attendant-angel is about to ascend to heaven; *shall* he ascend and not bear the news of 'one sinner that repenteth,?'"

Then most pleadingly raising his hands and eyes, at the loudest pitch of his clear, ringing voice, he cried: "Stop, Gabriel! stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, that you may carry the tidings of at least one sinner's conversion!"

Finally, with tears, the famous preacher prayed: "Lord, save *one*!"

The glorious issue eternity shall reveal.

THE HAVOC OF SELF-WILL.

BY L. S. P.

An ambitious ripple, flowing on the bosom of the calm ocean, formed a purpose in its depths of being *the first* to touch the distant shore.

It endeavored to push ahead of the preceding wavelet, and strove persistently to either get under or over its ripple-companion.

The wind, that great power of the air, who is a lover of push, helped the little ripple until it began to lift its head in confidence that its own desire would soon be accomplished.

Still further on it went, till the frothy feathers on its crest tossed proudly as its knew it will was being done.

Stronger and swifter it fled—the shore of its aims was drawing nigh, other ripples were swallowed up as this mighty wave swept on; men in their bark were unheeded, their rights were naught before the great "I will" of this wave.

The shore is reached, and instead of stopping at the boundary the cruel wind swept on with it until the fair earth was ruined, the works of nature marred and death and devastation was in its path.

At last, with that final, passionate leap, it saw the awful work its desire had accomplished, and sank in horror at the sight, slowly slinking back to the sea,—but, even as it crept silently, as if to hide itself forever from view, it dragged in its wake the remnant of all good and cast it into the depths.

THE INDIAN STANDARD.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Organ of The Presbyterian Church in India

This paper is devoted to the interests of Christian work and to all that makes for the upbuilding of the Indian Church.

Published at the Rajputana Mission Press, Ajmer, price Rs. /2/4 per annum, postage included.

Editor: The Rev. F. Ashcroft, M.A. Nasirabad, C.I.

All correspondence relating to subscriptions, advertisements, &c., should be addressed to the Manager, Mission Press, Ajmer, Rajputana.

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